

AVEBURIANA.

THE TEST MATCH.

To begin with, what is a test? It is a trial of strength. The Australians met the English at "cricket's manly toil" (BYRON), to see which were the stronger. The English were the stronger. May it ever be so! And yet we must not forget that the Australians are English too, our own kith and kin, and so remembering we must not be too triumphant. For are we not all of one family, differing only over the advisability, as I am told, of bowling leg-breaks wide of the leg stump, yet not wide enough to be penalised by that ARISTIDES of the pitch, the umpire? Oh the little more, and how much it is, as the poet says. A little more and ARMSTRONG would have bowled (*horresco referens!*) a wide; a little less and he would have been, in the ropes, in the words of a nephew of my own now at school, where language is elastic, carted over the ropes.

The match just finished contains many lessons for us all. Let us look at TYLDESLEY's two innings—how different, and how illustrative of the uncertainties of life! In the first innings this gallant little Lancastrian, who is, I am told, not above five feet eight, in a vain endeavour to defend his wicket—his honour, as they would say in the House of Commons—fell to one LAVER, a lengthy antipodean who, coming with the team to arrange its affairs and pay its bills, is now its best bowler: another instance of the unforeseen. So much for TYLDESLEY's first innings, in which he makes a round round O. But in the second he makes—what? a hundred—the same number of runs as of books in the list which I once compiled.

Is there not a lesson here? *Nil desperandum*, never despair. There's no fault so great that it cannot be amended. Second innings, like second thoughts, are best. And yet, are they? For did not the Hon. F. S. JACKSON make 144 in the first innings and only 17 in the second? Perhaps it is unsafe to generalise even to the least extent on this most elusive of games. There is something curiously interesting about the first innings of the English captain. He made 144. What does that represent? Twelve times twelve. How odd for the captain of an eleven to make twelve times twelve! "The dear and the dumpy twelves," as the poet says.

Let us look at other members of the English team. There is Mr. FRY. Mr. FRY has a household name. His *Magazine* is read far and wide; he heads the average by many runs. But tall and powerful man though he be, he could not make as many runs in two innings as little TYLDESLEY in one. Do we not see



SCENE—Light Lunch, after a Private Function.

Dyspeptic Genl. "H'm, I'm afraid we shall have to put a curse upon our appetites."

The Colonel (jovially). "Well, I intend to put a bit in my mouth!"

a lesson there? The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

I remember once playing a little stump cricket in the Vale of Chamonix, and being struck by the littleness of the game compared with the majesty of those awful peaks. None the less it is an admirable pastime, eliciting the best of its votaries and subjecting them to severe tests of endurance and skill. A long innings can be fatiguing enough even when one has someone to run for—one—as I always do; what must it be when one runs everything oneself? TYLDESLEY no doubt would tell us were he here, which he is not. I remember how tired I was in making those hundred best books.

Have you ever thought how interesting are cricketers' names and initials. W. W. ARMSTRONG, that is a fine name. And what does W. W. stand for? They are magic letters in Anglo-Saxon literature. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM WATSON, WALT WHITMAN—to name none others. There was also a W. W. READ; but that obviously should have been Read W. W.,

an incentive to the study of one or more of these poets. But NOBLE—how fine a name! M. A. NOBLE—his very initials make a man. I note that this cricketer not only bats but bowls, and it was he who caught out FRY. If I were not myself I would be NOBLE or LILLEY. That is a name of great and delicate beauty. "In the beauty of the lilies," as the poet says. But whose name is this? A peer's son's? No, the only peer's son present is named JACKSON. A gentleman's? No, the gentlemen are named FRY and BOISQUET. A mere professional then? Yes. This beautiful name falls to a mere professional, one who does not play merely for his expenses, but is paid a trifle more. Is there not a lesson there? Is there not a lesson everywhere? I once met a county cricketer in an hotel at Florence, and we walked round the Uffizi together. I forgot his name. Ah, well. "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal," but the goal has nothing to do with cricket. That is a football term. And here I close.

A DOGE POUR RIRE.

[Addressed to an American gentleman who recently gave a dinner, said to have cost about six hundred dollars a head, in a monstrous gondola in the lower courtyard of the Savoy, flooded for the occasion, and hung with painted views of Venice.]

BUT yesterday an obscure millionaire,
One of a crowd in lands where such are legion,
To-day, careering through the realms of air,
Your name is borne to earth's remotest region;
You have enthralled, by one superb collation,
The Universal Snob's imagination.

Floated upon a four-inch-deep lagoon,
Recalling Hadria by the help of hoses,
A mighty gondola was your saloon,
Empowered amid a priceless line of roses;
And on a smaller boat the great CARUSO
Sang, being adequately paid to do so.

The wave was dyed a pure Italian blue;
With pictured palaces the walls were garnished;
There stood the Campanile raised anew,
And all was Venice to the life, re-varnished;
Bar ducks and golden fish (exotic creatures)—
These were original Savoyard features.

Venice in London! She was here before,
But never such a ducal commissariat
(Three thousand pounds, they tell me, paid the score)
Staggered the haunt of London's proletariat;
Never has Earl's Court (charging for admission)
Made of itself so loud an exhibition.

The simpler Doges of an earlier day
Dropped wedding-rings into the Adriatic;
But, though it meant good money thrown away,
The episode was always most dramatic;
They never sank their wealth, as far as we know,
In your preposterous brand of water-beano!

Sir! if, with dollars as your leading claim,
On notoriety you have your heart set,
It should be easy work to earn a name
And be a boom in what is called the Smart Set;
But why not choose some method (such as charity)
Less open to the charge of mere vulgarity?

Your arts are new to our benighted shores,
Yet now and then we read a Yankee rumour
Of some portentous meal like this of yours,
And say, "We hoped they had a sense of humour!"
Shall that belief, which fond tradition hallows,
Be drowned in shin-deep imitation shallows?

O. S.

The Envy of the Gods.

Small Girl (to Governess). Miss THOMPSON, have you ever taken too much to drink?

Governess. Good gracious, child, of course not.

Small Girl. No more have I. (*Touches wood.*) *Unberufen!*

From the *Cork Constitution*:—"The friends of a respectable young widow want to get her housekeeping in a respectable widower's family; understands her business." There seems a certain want of *finesse* in this latter statement.

School-Inspector. Correct the following sentence: "To procure a pair of boots without squeaking outside London is impossible."

Pupil (son of local shoemaker). "To procure a pair of boots without squeaking outside London is *not* impossible."

THE SUB-EDITOR'S AUNT.

"I ALWAYS buy your paper, my dear HORACE," said the old lady, "although there is much in it I cannot approve of. But there is one thing that puzzles me extremely."

"Yes, Aunt?" said the Sub-Editor meekly, as he sipped his tea.

"Why, I notice that the contents bill invariably has one word calculated to stimulate the morbid curiosity of the reader. An adjective."

"Circulation depends upon adjectives," said the Sub-Editor.

"I don't think I object to them," the old lady replied, "but what I want you to tell me is how you choose them. How do you decide whether an occurrence is 'remarkable' or 'extraordinary,' 'astonishing' or 'exciting,' 'thrilling' or 'alarming,' 'sensational' or merely 'strange,' 'startling' or 'unique'? What tells you which word to use?"

"Well, Aunt, we have a system to indicate the adjective to a nicety; but—"

"My dear HORACE, I will never breathe a word. You should know that. No one holds the secrets of the Press more sacred than I."

The Sub-Editor settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

"You see, Aunt, the great thing in an evening paper is human interest. What we want to get is news to hit the man-in-the-street. Everything that we do is done for the man-in-the-street. And therefore we keep safely locked up in a little room a tame man of this description. He may not be much to look at, but his sympathies are right, unerringly right. He sits there from nine till six, and has things to eat now and then. We call him the Thrillometer."

"How wonderful! How proud you should be, HORACE, to be a part of this mighty mechanism, the Press."

"I am, Aunt. Well, the duties of the Thrillometer are very simple. Directly a piece of news comes in, it is the place of one of the Sub-Editors to hurry to the Thrillometer's room and read it to him. I have to do this."

"Poor boy. You are sadly overworked, I fear."

"Yes, Aunt. And while I read I watch his face. Long study has told me exactly what degree of interest is excited within him by the announcement. I know instantly whether his expression means 'phenomenal' or only 'remarkable,' whether 'distressing' or only 'sad,' whether—"

"Is there so much difference between 'distressing' and 'sad,' HORACE?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt. A suicide in Half Moon Street is 'distressing'; in the City Road it is only 'sad.' Again, a raid on a club in Whitechapel is of no account; but a raid on a West-End club is worth three lines of large type in the bill, above Fry's innings."

"Do you mean a club in Soho when you say West-End?"

"Yes, Aunt, as a rule."

"But why do you call that the West-End?"

"That was the Thrillometer's doing, Aunt. He fell asleep over a club raid, and a very good one too, when I said it was in Soho; but when I told him of the next—also in Soho, chiefly Italian waiters—and said it was in the West-End, his eyes nearly came out of his head. So you see how useful the Thrillometer can be."

"Most ingenious, HORACE. Was this your idea?"

"Yes, Aunt."

"Clever boy. And have the other papers adopted it?"

"Yes, Aunt. All of them."

"Then you are growing rich, HORACE?"

"No, no, Aunt, not at all. Unfortunately I lack the business instinct. Other people grow rich on my ideas. In fact, so far from being rich, I was going to venture to ask you—"

"Tell me more about the Thrillometer," said the old lady briskly.



NOT IN THE PICTURE.

SCENE—On shore, during the visit of the British Fleet to Brest.

MR. PUNCH (Photographer, suavely, to the KAISER). "JUST A LEETLE FURTHER BACK, PLEASE, SIR.
YOUR SHADOW STILL RATHER INTERFERES WITH THE GROUP."

**GIVING HER AWAY.**

Youthfully made-up Spinster, over forty, just engaged, proudly introduces her Young Betrothed to the Family Gardener. Family Gardener. "Ah, Miss Letty, I'm THAT GLAD! I've BEEN WAITING FOR THIS DAY FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS!"

TO WOULD-BE WOMEN WRITERS.

(*Being a few notes supplementary to a recent article by ELL-S TH-RE-CH-FT F-WL-R.*)

"If you wish to be effective in literature you must learn the art of putting yourself in another person's place: not only in that of your characters, but also of your readers." I used these remarkable words in a recent article, and doubtless you would like to know why I used them. Well, there were two reasons. I wrote them because they contained a good thought well expressed, and had real literary beauty despite the grammatical construction. As to their truth, that surely is sufficiently proved by the fact that they appeared in print. When I wrote them I put myself in the place of the editor of the great morning paper for which I intended them. That is why they were duly published. I feel quite certain they wouldn't have been if

the editor had been in his place instead of me.

But there are other things besides changing places that contribute to literary effectiveness, and the chief of these is domestic usefulness. There is, as I stated in the article, "a general idea afloat" (and also, let me add now, ashore) "that a woman's literary success makes against her domestic usefulness"—that she cannot "wield the poker as well as the pen." "Why not?" I asked. "She has two hands: therefore, why cannot she hold both pen and poker at the same time, using each as she thinks fit?" Having rubbed in that point with characteristic humour in the article, I went on to urge you, the would-be women writers, "to give your whole attention to the matter in hand." This, perhaps, needs further elucidation. You will ask "Which hand?" Ah, dear would-be women writers, there is the secret. I had that difficulty to deal

with when I began — when I was a would-be. And what did I do? Exactly what I am advising you to do. When I wrote that article I had a pen in one hand and a poker in the other, and I used each as I thought fit. In fact I wrote it with the poker. It is simplicity itself.

And it is this very idea—to quote again from the article—that induces many a girl who is bored, as I aptly remarked, by "the trivial round, the common task," to fly to literature and to make up her mind to write. Let her write a book if she can—and must: but let her remember that doing the one is no excuse for leaving the other undone. Those were my very words. The meaning, I think, is obvious. When a girl has made the fire there is absolutely no excuse for her not writing the book.

One last word of advice. If you cannot write anything else, write a washing book.

CHARIVARIA.

It is officially denied that, when the crew of the *Potemkin* formally declared war against the Russian Government, the Russian Government formally called upon France to fulfil her treaty obligations on the ground that her ally was now being attacked by two Powers.

It is evidently realised even in Germany that the KAISER's Morocco policy has strengthened the *Entente* between France and Great Britain, for a leading German paper now states that it was never sought to weaken those relations.

As a result of the new War Office Regulations it is thought that twenty-five per cent. of the Volunteers will be weeded out on account of being physically unfit. But they will not necessarily be lost to their country. A good many of them will no doubt enlist in the regular army.

Since a gentleman wrote to the *Daily Mail* to say that he had found digging for an hour or two in stiff soil a cure for worry, a huge demand has arisen in the City for offices with a little back garden, into which the principal can run each time the office-boy makes a mistake.

The Parliamentary Return on the assessment and payment of income tax shows that there are only twenty persons in Great Britain in receipt of incomes exceeding £50,000 a year. This is a scandal which calls for an immediate remedy.

At the attempted inauguration of the electric system on the Underground, "the Metropolitan Railway," we read, "was affected by the breakdowns on the District Railway." This is very touching.

The members of the Yorkshire Automobile Club last week took sixty patients from the Huddersfield Infirmary for a drive, the members having decided to lend their cars for this purpose on one day in each year. It is pleasant to remember that the relations between motorists and hospitals have always been close.

At the Congress of Medical Officers of Health Dr. HERBERT JONES, of Hereford, pointed out the usefulness of motor cars to medical men in enabling them rapidly to reach their patients. The more daring the driver, in fact, the more quickly he comes across a patient.

Other doctors expressed the opinion that motoring undoubtedly benefits public health. It is certainly reducing the number of deaf persons.

As a result of the visit of the KING and QUEEN to Harrow the boys are to have an extra week's holiday, and their parents' feelings of loyalty are strained almost to breaking point.

The Summer Sales started last week, and it has been calculated that already 1,000,000 odd ladies have purchased 2,000,000 odd articles which they do not require.

The Cartoon Gallery at Hampton Court has been closed until further notice. In some quarters this is believed to be due to pique at the success of Mr. F. C. GOULD's show in Bond Street.

A medical commission in Puerto Rico is, it is stated, applying with success a newly-discovered cure to the "lazy worm" disease, which afflicts with absolute idleness about 95 per cent. of the inhabitants of the interior of the island. The fact that the commission is meeting with no opposition is said to be due to the fact that labour is not yet properly organised in those parts.

It is comforting to learn that England is not the only country where miscarriages of justice take place. At Lemberg in Austria, last week, a taxidermist discovered, in the stomach of a pet monkey which he was stuffing, a diamond brooch, for the alleged theft of which the owner's valet had been sent to prison. In this case, we understand, there was not, as in the BECK case, the mitigating circumstance of resemblance between the actual and the supposed thief.

The Report of the Deputy Master of the Mint, showing that fewer coins were issued last year than in the previous twelve months, confirms the popular view that the supply of money has recently been unequal to the demand.

The statement that West Ham is infested with mosquitos, and that many persons have been badly stung by the insects, is untrue. We are informed that they have been very well stung.

A public-house at Deptford which claimed the honour of having entertained PETER THE GREAT when he visited England has had its licence cancelled, and they are asking in St. Petersburg, Could Russophobia go further?

FROM advt. in Provincial paper:—

TO be Let, Good GROCER'S and BREAD SHOP; large Oven; lived in it nearly six years; satisfactory reasons for leaving.

We can well believe it.

THE PLACE OF WILD NONSENSE.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Bart Kennedy of the "Daily Mail.")

I.

THEY had let me out here in a lone place of rocks and mountains and wind and water and grey sky. The wind blew from the west. A west wind. It blew with one soul-searching force. A west wind blowing with a whole soul-searching force. A wind in my face. A west wind blowing in my face. A west wind blowing in my face with one whole soul-searching force. This is the house that *Jack* built.

Mountains.

Mountains all around me.

Surely the mountains were all around me. Mountains to the East. Mountains to the West. Mountains to the North. Mountains to the South.

Mountains also to the N.E. by E. (I was once a sailor.)

II.

Wind and water and mountains and rocks and sky and a wild west west wind. Alone and going along a lone, lone road in the lone silence by my wild lone.

Alone.

Without my keeper.

And I was at one with the wild loneliness. Strangely at one with it. As a limpet. As a limpet with its rock.

Rocks.

One with the rocks! An infinite all-force!

III.

Why had they let me out? Why had they let me out to be one with the rocks and the mountains and the sea and the grey sky and the wild west wind?

Why had they let me out before my time?

I had passed from outside the ken of man. I had passed from outside the ken of time. I had passed from outside right. Across the mouth of the goal. Why did they not shoot?

IV.

Who is it who writes like this? Surely there is someone who writes like this.

A man! An infinite all-force!

WALT WHITMAN!

Surely this is the style of the WHITMAN.

V.

It is not difficult.

Anybody can do it. In short sentences.

Like this: Rocks.

Rocks and a grey sky. A grey sky palpitating with the birth of some unknown all-force. Have you the pen of the gardener's daughter?

VI.

Spots. Spots off HAROLD.

RIPPLES FROM THE PIERS.

[“Now that the Prince of WALES has shown the way, Society may take to the Thames in London as a fashionable resort.” — *Daily Paper.*]

STEAMBOAT parties have been notably gay and many this week, and the floating piers were quite six inches below the normal level on Sunday morning as the result of the “rush to the river.” At Westminster, during the fashionable hour for boating, the crush was exceptionally great. Nothing more serious occurred, however, than the loss of Lady LACKGEAR’s Maltese toy. Fortunately Lord LACKGEAR, who was trying for porpoises off Old Swan Pier, was able to gaff the mite as it passed.

There is a stage whisper that a short season of floating plays is to be tried with a drama especially written by Mr. W. W. Jacobs, entitled *Mud is Thicker than Water*. If the idea is matured it is possible that the Savoy Theatre, once the home of light opera, may itself find a home on a lighter.

Quite a charming innovation was recently carried out by some members of the Smart Set. Upon the delightfully cool and shadowy buttresses of London Bridge a number of small card-tables were cunningly clamped, and here Society was to be seen indulging in the game of the hour. Between the rubbers, the members of the Mayfair Otter Club gave a display of life saving, while as a final surprise, at twelve o’clock, Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN appeared upon the parapet and sang, “*I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight.*”

The next show of the Ladies’ Kennel Association is to be held on the Isle of Dogs, provided that the Barking authorities are willing.

The new promenade piers in connection with the Savoy Hotel are to be commenced at once, and it is confidently anticipated that shrimp and winkle teas will become a feature of the season.

It was almost impossible to obtain steamboats on Tuesday when the Guards held their aquatic sports at Pimlico. A Duchess, who is noted for her pluck and energy, was enthusiastically greeted when she arrived on a life-buoy. An unfortunate gloom was cast over the proceedings later, owing to the sudden disappearance of Captain AVOIR DU POIS during the mud hunt.

Lord ELMTWIG’s eldest son, who last year nearly carried off the Amateur Punting Championship at Maidenhead, has been out on the Long Reach with a

**“OFFERED AND (NOT) TAKEN.”**

Heard at the Races. (Not in the Royal enclosure.)

Sword Swallower. “Now, if any gentleman present will lend me ‘is gold watch, I’ll swaller it!”

sixty-foot punt pole. It has been decided not to attempt to raise it.

The father of our most recent American bride has taken the gull-shooting between the Tower Bridge and Blackfriars for the coming winter.

VI ET ARMIS.

The Commissioners appointed to inquire into the present system of collecting the Income-tax have at length finished their labours and drawn up a Report, advising, *inter alia*, that additional Parliamentary powers should be applied for, to enable collectors to carry out their duties more effectually. We venture to suggest that the following powers should also be added to those recommended by the Commissioners:—

1. Power to enable a collector to enter the shop of any trader, reasonably sus-

pected of under-rating his income, and to carry off his books and rifle the till.

2. Power to enable any Police Constable (without the necessity of applying for a warrant) to arrest anyone, in any public highway, who may look as if he was the sort of man who, if he had an income, would be likely to make a false return concerning the same.

3. Power to enable the said P.C. to reverse any such person as aforesaid, and stand him on his head, so that the money (if any) shall fall out of his trouser-pockets.

4. Power in all cases to collect the Income-tax with a club.

5. Power to extract all arrears of Income-tax, from any person reasonably suspected of owing the same, by any known means of persuasion; the said means to include the rack, thumb-screws and boiling oil.

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

ROBERT.

When we recount with proper zeal
Our love of legal institutions,
How Britons base the public weal
On laws and not on revolutions,
That where the British Standard waves
You note an instant slump in slaves;

Our souls are punctured by a sense
Of well-deserved superiority,
And, should our neighbours ask us,
"Whence
This firm obedience to authority?"
We heave an unctuous smile and praise
The Englishman's inherent traits.

We bid them note how down the street,
Where cabs and 'buses wildly jostle,
Guiding them deftly with his feet
Stands Discipline's alert apostle;
Ay, robed in unpretentious blue,
The man to whom the credit's due!

The highway's autocrat, he stands
Amid the swollen tide of traffic,
And waves a pair of awesome hands,
And grunts his orders, terse but
graphic,
And lo! the headlong stream stands
fast,
While two old fogies trickle past.

As nought to him the cabman's rage,
The shibboleth of foreign chauffeurs,
The costermonger's persiflage,
The idle jeers of casual loafers,
The gross but not unkindly wheeze
Aimed at the man's extremities.

In vain the drayhorse paws the air,
The flow of low abuse grows brisker;
He never turns an injured hair,
Or lifts a deprecating whisker,
For he knows well enough that they
May gibe, but dare not disobey!

Whether in dark, secluded walks
He flouts the schemes that bad men
work us;
Or maiden ladies, screaming "Lawks!"
Hang on his neck in Oxford Circus;
His mien displays an abstract calm
That soothes the fractured nerves like
balm.

Who spoors the burglar's nimble feet,
And spots the three-card man's devices?
Who hales before the judgment seat
The vendor of unwholesome ices?
Who's apt at any time to have his
Complexion spoiled by hob-nailed
navvies?

It is indeed our ROBERT, or,
As some prefer to say, our "Bonny";
The civil servant, paid to floor
The wiles of those who'd kill or rob
'ee;
Who keeps our premises secure,
Our butter and our morals pure.

And when we hear of fresh alarms,
Of bombs and mutiny and massacre,
Of citizens dispersed by arms,
In countries where such things, alas!
occur,

Well may we urge our ROBERT's claim
Alike to gratitude and fame.

LOVE À LA MODE.

[According to a French physician, the hand contains over 80,000 microbes to the square inch, and in shaking hands these microbes are conveyed from one person to another. He advocated the substitution of one of the more dignified and distant Oriental modes of salutation.—*Daily Paper.*]

Her mother had significantly left them together in the conservatory. The moment had come to make her understand how much he loved her. He had been in a similar situation once or twice before, under the *ancien régime*, but then it was comparatively easy. Now, under a code of etiquette founded chiefly on the latest fashion in bacteria, he felt his position embarrassing. A kiss had long been considered a criminal proceeding, on purely hygienic grounds. Impassioned speech was but the setting free of millions of microscopic prisoners desirous of a change of lung. He must not even press her little hand, well knowing what malignant hosts science had placed within its few rounded square inches—not to mention those that lurked in his own extensive palm.

Standing at a safe hygienic distance, therefore, he stretched out his arms towards her, longingly, like an amorous tenor at the Opera. He did not sing, of course. That had long since been forbidden, as putting more microbes into circulation than even impassioned speech. He did not speak, feeling that the level, more or less sterilised conversation, which alone science still permitted to be sparingly used, would be out of place on this occasion. But he gazed upon her so ardently that the few thousand bacilli temporarily resident amongst his eyelashes were seriously inconvenienced by the rising temperature.

She smiled, and shook her head very gently. Everything was done very gently now, by persons with the slightest pretence to civilisation, in order to avoid disturbing the circumambient legions of the enemy. But whilst he admired her discretion he doubted her meaning. Was it "No"? Or that she did not understand? Or that he was going the wrong way to work? Or that she deemed herself unworthy? He carefully sat down at his end of the conservatory and thought it out.

Then she frowned—frowned so unmistakably that he shuddered to think how many hundred thousand germs,

happy tenants of the arches of her brows, would be dislodged by so alarming a dislocation of their dwelling. As, however, he still remained motionless, her behaviour became even more foolhardy and unscientific. With a primitive impulsiveness calculated to despatch every microbe in the conservatory upon a new predatory errand, she rushed to the antiseptic fountain that played amongst the palms, and filled a watering-can from its cool disinfectant. The last thing to be civilised, he reflected, will be woman, but he had barely time to finish the quotation. For with the rose of the watering-can she was tracing in pinkish spray upon the tiled floor the three letters Y E S.

LATIN ON THE LINKS.

In view of the proposed revival of Latin for conversational purposes *Mr. Punch* has drawn up the following specimen dialogue for the benefit of golfers. The advantages of Latin in this context will not have escaped the notice of even the most superficial observers. Thus the bad effect on caddies of using strong language in the vernacular is entirely obviated. Again, when the ball is lying dead, only a dead language can render justice to the situation.

*Tarde retrorsum.
Oculum in globo fige.
Puer, da mihi ligneum baculum.
Globum more solito in apice percussi.
In ammem, puto, globus meus condemnatus delapsus est.
Quid faciam?
Dejice alterum globum a tergo, perdens unum.
Possumne hiatum ferro attingere?
Cum ferro tutissimus ibis.
Proh Jupiter! aggerem superavi.
Heus tu! Quid in nomine Mephistophilis facis? Non lusi secundum.
Nequeo ludere pro nucibus hodie.
Puer meus singultu semper affligitur cum difficilem ictum facturus sum.
Me miserum! mortuus jacet.
Quot lusurus sum?
Unum de duobus: impar ludis.
O recuperatio nobilis! Globus tuus saxeus jacet!
O me putidissimum! ictui nimium pepercit.
Tollere licet globum in leporis rasurâ jacentem.
Puer, da mihi lineam.
Fortunam infernam habeo. Globus ex hiatu exsiluit!
Quemadmodum stamus?
Dormio per tres hiatus.
Dimidium ergo solum requiris.
Quid dicis de poculo Scotici spiritus cum aqua aerata mixti?
Homo tuus sum: nunc loqueris.*

SUGGESTED ALTERNATIVES FOR
CRICKET SCREENS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In view of recent events, it is a matter of urgent gravity that the subject of screens for test matches should be kept before the public eye, but I have an alternative proposal to make, which will, I am assured, meet with approval from player and spectator alike.

You will remember that in a recent match of national importance a famous batsman was clean bowled in consequence of a lady spectator, attired in chocolate brown, rising from her seat in the immediate background of the ball, and waving her match-card to an acquaintance. Another brilliant innings was nipped in the bud, on the same occasion, entirely owing to the fact that the sun's rays struck an uplifted ginger-beer bottle in the shilling seats, and so dazzled the unfortunate batsman that he unintentionally placed the ball into the hands of short slip. In both these cases, as you will remember, the umpire was obdurate in his decision, and as it seems probable that the effervescent sympathy of the halfpenny press will lead to no definite results it is incumbent on all lovers of true sport to come forward and protect the flower of our British batsmen and their averages.

Now, Sir, I wish to put forward a proposition which, while not in any way interfering with the view of the game on the part of that necessary nuisance the spectator, will enable the batsman to see the ball with perfect accuracy from either end of the pitch. I suggest the erection of six rows of patent seats of my own invention, for the accommodation of those who wish to view the play from the point of vantage behind the bowler at each end of the ground. These seats must be painted a uniform buff colour, and furnished with a mechanical contrivance which will render any movement on the part of the occupant absolutely impossible. As he takes his seat, steel grips, suitably padded, spring mechanically from the arms and legs of the chair and securely pinion those of the spectator, while a similar contrivance gently but firmly encircles the neck and supports the head in an easy but upright position. The attendant in charge then proceeds to fasten a long buff-coloured apron and combination hood and cape garment of the same colour round the person of the seat-holder, so that the whole scheme of colour is immovable and unbroken, and provides a perfect background for the flight of the ball. At the lunch and tea interval and the close of an innings, the attendant touches a secret spring at the end of each row, when the grips will fly back again, and the spectator is at



SPEEDING THE STAYING GUEST.

Hostess. "WON'T YOU SING SOMETHING, MR. BORELY?"

Mr. B. "YES, IF YOU LIKE. I'LL SING ONE JUST BEFORE I GO."

Hostess. "WELL, DO SING NOW, AND PERHAPS MISS SLOWBOY WILL ACCOMPANY YOU."

liberty to move if he feels inclined. He may either leave his cape and apron behind or take it with him to lunch, but in this case a small deposit must be paid. The charge for the seats, however, will not be raised above the usual amount, unless the rush on them is so great that a prohibitive price is deemed advisable by the management.

Trusting that the adoption of this idea may be a source of satisfaction to all concerned, and foster the fraternal feeling between player and spectator so necessary for the lasting success of our national game,

I am, Yours faithfully,
A LOVER OF SPORT.

ACCORDING to the special correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, on the occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness to Cardiff, "the villagers of St. Fagan sang 'God bless the Prince of Wales' in Welsh. A cornet also rendered the same stirring air in English." We have always regarded the cornet as a speaking instrument.

"LOST, June 17, . . . black and white mongrel male puppy, rather longish hair, looks a little like King Charles, answers name Fido." —*Advt. in "Daily Mail."*

It will be seen that the resemblance to King CHARLES is only superficial. The deceased monarch would, of course, never have answered to the name Fido.



A LITTLE LEARNING.

He. "A MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY, MY DEAR LADY! THAT LIFE CAN BE PRODUCED IN STERILISED BOUILLON BY THE ACTION OF RADIUM. WHAT TRAINS OF THOUGHT IT GIVES RISE TO! WHY, THIS MAY HAVE HAPPENED IN THIS WORLD OF OURS, MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO!"
She. "ER—YES, OF COURSE! I UNDERSTAND THAT THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN RADIUM THEN, BUT—ER—WHERE DID THEY GET THE BEEF TEA?"

THE NEURASTHENIC BEE.

[It is now known that successive generations of working bees will go on all through the summer, every bee toiling itself to death in about six weeks. Instead of being models for stimulus and instruction of youth, the busy bee ought rather to be used as an example of the shortsighted folly of sacrificing life for the sake of a livelihood.—*Manchester Guardian.*]

O BEE! O busy Bee!

From earliest years I have mistrusted thee.
 When in my copy-book I had to praise

Thy model ways,

Scriawling vain peans of thy virtuous traits;
 When, for my boyish sins, they made me write,

By day and night,

Lines from the *Georgics* till my head was light,
 My hand quite ruined, scribbling repetitions
 Of thy confounded tricks by way of impositions—
 I loathed thee, Bee! Deep in my inmost heart

I cursed the art

Which with a monomaniac ardour burned
 Still to improve the seasons which were sunny,
 Until my spirit at thy virtues turned,
 As did my tummy from thy nauseous honey.

But now, O Bee,

After long years abate thy priggish pride!
 The boyish instinct which mistrusted thee
 Is more than justified.

Thy industry is but a mad desire,
 The passion of the miser to acquire,
 At any cost to heap up hoards of wealth,
 Regardless of thy soul's and body's health.
 Some nervous trouble robs thy wretched breast

Of any thought of rest,
 And drives thee evermore to slave and slave,
 Then sink exhausted to an early grave.

O futile Bee!
 Why waste the shining hours in drudgery?
 Come, learn a lesson in thy turn, and own
 The larger wisdom of thy brother drone.
 His is the life of leisure: no wild flurry
 Keeps him forever in a hurry-scurry;
 He fingers round a rose to con its beauties
 Un vexed by thoughts of honey-making duties,
 And all the time he does not spend in drinking
 He may, if so he choose, devote to thinking.

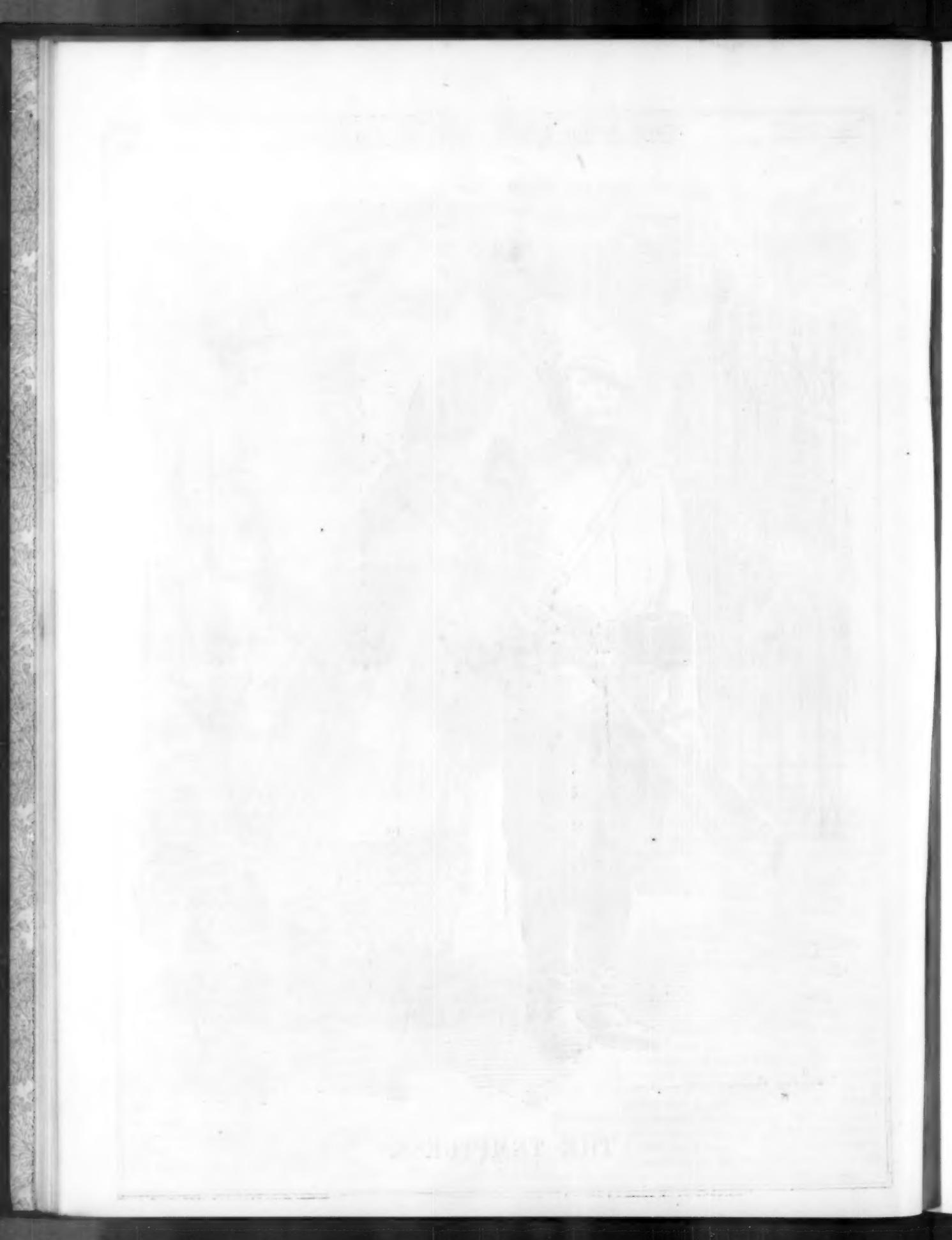
O over-rated Bee!
 Give up thy strait-laced virtues! Try to see
 That thou art cursed with a most narrow mind,
 To all the nobler things of life stone-blind!

Adopt this broader view—
 Remodel on the drone's thy life anew,
 And even yet thou mayest find in me
 A follower of thee,
 O neurasthenic Bee!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—JULY 12, 1905.



THE TEMPTRESS.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



LOBBYING AGAINST THE ALIENS BILL.

OUR ARTIST TRUSTS THAT THE RUMOUR THAT THE "UNDESIRABLES" INTEND TO DO A BIT OF LOBBYING THEMSELVES IS INCORRECT.

House of Commons, Monday, July 3.— Since on a historical occasion Mr. J. G. TALBOT was present in the House when GRAND CROSS "heard a smile" he has not been so distressed as to-day, when he learned that on Saturday the SPEAKER took part in a cricket match. He is not to be comforted even by the fact that the right hon. gentleman in the first innings by masterly play carried out his bat, having added four to the score.

"It is too risky," J. G. insists, sadly shaking his head. "Suppose a ball smartly driven to limb—or, as I believe they say, to leg—had caught the SPEAKER's eye? GRANT LAWSON an excellent Chairman, I admit, and T. P. has testified to his musical skill with the triangle. But he is too new to the post to take the SPEAKER's Chair in the absence of its incumbent. LOWTHER ought to think of these things, and restrain his week-end yearnings for excessive exertion. If he wants exercise let him walk to church on Sundays."

These lamentations happily un-



TALBOT THE LACHRYMOSE.
Mr. J. G. Talbot hears that the Speaker has been playing cricket.

founded. SPEAKER at his post, brisk and blithe, all the better for his Saturday run between the wickets. In the first over he bowled SWIFT MACNEILL l.b.w., which is, indeed, that statesman's customary Parliamentary attitude. This hot weather has marked effect on a temperament habitually at bubbling point. Questions cut off by discovery that it was five minutes to three, MACNEILL rose with tempestuous tossing of coat tails; announced that on point of order he desired to put a question to SPEAKER. Led up to it by discursive remarks accompanied by much shaking of fist in the direction of WALTER LONG, who, presumably, had been either again breaking the Sabbath on the motor-car, or secretly receiving members of the Orange Society in a dark room at Dublin Castle. At the end of five minutes, these alternative points becoming increasingly involved, SPEAKER interposed.

"I understood," he blandly remarked, "the hon. gentleman desired to ask me a question."



WRESTLING WITH HIS NOTES.

The Postmaster-General has to do a little "sorting."
(Lord Stanley.)

"Yes, Sir," shouted SWIFT MACNEILL, grateful that there was at least one man in the House who understood him.

"Then will he kindly ask it?" said the SPEAKER.

SWIFT MACNEILL gasped. Why, he was coming to the question by-and-by! He hadn't been more than five minutes offering a few preliminary remarks. So upset by the turn given to things that, without more ado, he put his question. It turned out to have nothing to do either with motor-cars or secret conclaves, but related to alleged nonappearance on the paper of Ministerial answers to questions which had not been put.

Business done.—Aliens Bill in Committee.

2.20 A.M. Thursday.—A quaint place, this House of ours. With close of Session almost in view, work is in hopelessly backward state. Not too much to begin with. Conducted on ordinary business methods might have been practically accomplished. As things stand it is already evident that several Bills must be dropped. Whereupon PRINCE ARTHUR gaily announces intention of grappling with great Constitutional question of Redistribution.

That by the way. Question at the moment is, How is the Aliens Bill to be got through Committee? Ingenuous unimaginative man of business would reply, "Sit down and get to work at it." An eight-hour day would suffice to dispose of the remaining amendments if they were taken in hand by Committee primarily and solely anxious to make the best of a Bill.

Is that what we do at Westminster? No, my friend. We spend the eight hours, with eighty minutes thrown in, in wrangling round a proposal to set to work. PRINCE ARTHUR puts his shoulder not to the wheel but to the guillotine. With its assistance he undertakes to turn out a brand-new Aliens Bill by a given hour on a certain day. Literally, orders will be executed with Punctuality and Despatch.

Through the hot summer night the hosts contended. From the beginning no doubt about issue. The PINK 'UX, perspicacious and perspiring, had whipped his men in line. There was just the off-chance that, lured by sense of false security, Ministerialists might be caught napping. Such opportunity seemed to present itself shortly after 9 o'clock, when Members, more hurried than HUSSON at the Vatican in DIZZY's day, came back grumbling from prematurely broken-up dinner parties.

There followed one of those little ironies too familiar to attract attention. PRINCE ARTHUR's proposal was to apply the closure with intent to hurry on the Aliens Bill. Opposition, affronted at this attempt to tamper with the privileges of free speech, denounced it at length. But if they were to reduce the Government majority it must be done at once, before Sybarites, dallying at the dinner table, trooped in. Ministers, conscious of the perilous situation, put up the faithful EVANS-GORDON to say nothing at prodigious length. There are on the Ministerial side several convenient taps that may at moment's notice be turned

on with the design of filling up time till the clans muster. BANBURY's good. The one labelled "EVANS-GORDON" even more certain of sustained supply.

Opposition, hungry for a division, impatiently murmured. The waters of Tower Hamlets, tepid, inexhaustible, flowed on till the PINK 'UX, hurrying hither and thither counting heads, assured himself that danger was past. The tap abruptly turned off in the middle of (so to speak) a pint, DALZIEL jumped up and moved the closure with the object of bringing to an immediate issue his own amendment directed in indignant protest against PRINCE ARTHUR's Closure Resolution.

Yet no one laughed, cried "Ha, ha!" or wagged his head in commentary on this application of the homeopathic principle. On the contrary, Ministerialists supporting PRINCE ARTHUR's closure scheme angrily shouted "No!" when the SPEAKER submitted DALZIEL's motion for immediate application of the closure, the Opposition, blanched with horror at PRINCE ARTHUR's attack on freedom of speech, lustily approving it.

Business done.—After nine hours' debate, House resolved to begin to debate on Aliens Bill under closure rules.

Friday night.—Among the dainty morsels served up before the KING and QUEEN at Harrow on Speech Day was a translation by RUDOLPHUS MILNER WHITE of the following lines :

σῆμα τὸν Ἡρακλέου, τέλος, δε οὐτοῦ, πάντα
κρατήσας τὸν δὲ ἐκπάτησαν.
Σάτισται μικρός τὸν δὲ ἐκπάτησαν.

The MEMBER FOR SARK presents a varied reading of Master RUDOLPHUS's effort. It is headed "After the General Election," and runs thus :

Here ARTHUR lies, his toils complete,
And all his conquests past.
He never thought to know defeat,
But C.-B. wins at last.

Business done.—Compensation for Damage to Crops Bill.

A MODERN KNIGHT-ERRANT.

ALTHOUGH 'twas years ago we met,
I still recall her form divine,
And still in fond remembrance set
The night I took her hand in mine.

I watched her where at Bridge she
played:
As twelve o'clock was struck, she
rose;
A mother's wish must be obeyed
(The latter's state was comatose).

With cards outstretched, she murmured
low
A plea which I could scarce decline.
Two pound eighteen it cost me, though,
That night I took her "hand" in
mine!



THE VERY SIMPLE LIFE.

Our young friends, the Joneses, having taken a country cottage for week ends, become enthusiastic gardeners.

Mrs. Jones. "WHAT A LOT OF POTATOES WE SHALL HAVE, JACK. I'VE BEEN COUNTING THE FLOWERS, AND IF—"

Mr. Jones. "DO THE POTATOES COME WHERE THE BLOSSOM IS, THEN?"

Mrs. Jones. "OF COURSE THEY DO, JACK!"

EXPATRIATION ON THE CHEAP.

OWING to the unfortunate necessity that British hotel proprietors and land-ladies should make hay of the holiday-maker while the sun shines in July, August and September, the *Daily Mail* has discovered that this practically spells Exile in a foreign land for the average rate-payer who seeks change of air. We must therefore pull ourselves together and see what is to be done. If Great Britain is barred, and a Channel crossing deters the timorous from invading Brittany, there is still hope left for the tourist and the paterfamilias at large. We have it on the authority of the Mayor of Pwllheli that his town has been relegated to the foreign section at a public dinner owing to the unpronounceability of its name. Mr. Punch begs the natives, therefore, not to carry out their threat of changing the same to

Jonesborough-on-Sea, but to remain foreign—and reasonable in their summer charges. We will then migrate thither en masse next month. If there should prove to be insufficient accommodation, we propose to overflow into Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwll-llynnwiogogogoch, where there should be ample room.

Those whose purses are not long enough to carry them to the foreign health-resorts to which we have given the above free advertisement need not despair. The Aliens Bill has not yet become law. There are many acres of foreign territory in the East-End to which the jaded Londoner may exile himself and his family for the price of a threepenny fare. The khaki steamboats are making arrangements to transport all such to a Thames-side port within contagious distance of these delightful Alsasias, where you may have Russia

without fear of the *Potemkin*, and Finland without fear of Russia, and a complete change of air and smells may be encountered.

All further information for intending Exiles will be gladly tendered them on inquiry at our Cheap Expatriation Bureau.

FROM the *Free Press* of Winnipeg :—
"ARTHUR JOHNSON, a youth with an English accent, was arrested here, &c." We trust that the Canadian jury did not allow this unfortunate defect to prejudice them against the poor alien.

THE Press has perhaps been a little hasty in its conclusions as to the result of the mutiny which began off Odessa. Certainly the *Manchester Evening News* seems to have overstated the facts when it printed the following scare-line :

BLACK SEA CEASES TO EXIST.

THE NET PROPHET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Deeply impressed by a great halfpenny paper's reports of the lawn tennis championship at Wimbledon, I venture to send you an account of a game played here at the Puddleton Tournament. I cannot flatter myself that I have equalled the brilliance of my model, but I have done my best.

"With peremptory significance the neighbouring clocks struck three. The hour had come, and as the last stroke rang out Mr. SLASHER stepped fearlessly on to the level sward, where BISQUE—the inimitable BISQUE, unrivalled master of the three-quarter volley—was calmly awaiting him. With a single superb gesture Mr. SLASHER flung aside his coat, parted his hair neatly down the middle, adjusted his tie, and whirled his 48-oz. racket into position. A frown of rugged determination sat firmly on his brow. Mr. BISQUE was a trifle pale, but he whistled a bar or two of '*The Devout Lover*' as he flung his weapon fearlessly towards the skies. 'Heads!' cried his opponent, and a close scrutiny of the racket, now fallen to the ground, showed that heads it was. Accordingly, BISQUE selected the left-hand court and began to serve. First he put in a series of brilliant yorkers, each of which, however, was triumphantly volleyed by his dauntless enemy. But nothing could disconcert Mr. BISQUE. He merely snapped his teeth with a loud explosion, cleared his throat, carelessly flung a ball full at the umpire's head, and sneezed twice. And then he delivered a string of top-screw back-handers which curled three ways and quite perplexed his rival, with the result that after the score had thrice been called 'half-thirty, fifteen,' it was noted down on the credit side of Mr. BISQUE's account. But Mr. SLASHER was by no means done with. Placing his cap inside out on the back of his head, he ran jauntily in to his opponent's drive, twice in succession placing it cleverly beyond the boundary. Another game, and 'vantage-set all' was the umpire's verdict.

"The excitement grew fast and furious. Ladies nervously pulled out their hairpins and strewed them on the ground. The men waited, tense with emotion. Could BISQUE by means of his drop-hooks from the base-line out-maneuvre his foe? SLASHER alone was calm. He drank two cups of tea, with three lumps of sugar in each, placed his tie on the centre of the net, and sent in the most wonderful cross-shots right down the middle line. Not even BISQUE, with all his skill, could make headway against such tactics, and with a sigh of resignation he hauled down his flag, and acknowledged defeat by eleven games to four. How will he fare in the next round against Mr.

LOBBER? Thousands are asking that question to-night—but time alone will answer it."

THE MILK OF KINDNESS SUPPLY.

AT Bath a burglar, finding the master of a house he had entered ill in bed, shook hands with him, and offered his condolences. It is to be hoped, said the *Evening News*, that this nice feeling will spread. It has spread.

"Broke a rib, did it?" said the Australian express-trundler sympathetically, calling at the hospital on "Cotter's Saturday Night" out. "Two ribs? Bless my soul! But we must look on the bright side. If you had stayed in, you might have broken a record."

After sentencing a prisoner to seven



"KHAKI CAPS.—The two patterns of the new Khaki cap will be worn side by side, and O.C. units will report, &c., &c."—Extract from *Brigade Orders*.

[Private "Spud" Murphy is trying to solve the problem!]

days without the option of a fine last week, Mr. PLOWDEN looked him up in his cell, shook hands with him, and made a pun upon his name, which he had forgotten to make in Court. The prisoner laughed heartily, but said that this was the first intimation he had received that his sentence included hard labour.

We wish that all members of the Force displayed the kindly spirit of X94 of Surrey. Having stopped a motorist near Guildford for driving at excessive speed, he drew him to the side of the road, presented him with an illuminated card bearing the words, "More haste, less speed," and explained with great patience and attention to detail the workings of the stop-watch. He concluded the séance by advising him

to go to a certain firm for petrol, theirs being the best in the market.

CRICKET.

PAST V. PRESENT.

"Aetas parentum prior avis tulit
Nos nequiores."

A Modern Cricketer speaks:—

Oh shades of FELIX, LILLYWHITE,
MYNN, OSBALDSTON, PARR,
Look earthward from your wickets bright
In some thrice happy star!
Look down and tell us, Is the game
We mortals play to-day the same
As that which won you deathless fame
When you were what we are?

Shades of the Old Cricketers reply:—

We look down and mark with derision
Your matches abandoned and drawn;
Your pitches of perfect precision;
Your outfield as smooth as a lawn;
Your leisurely midday beginnings;
Your pauses, Great Heavens! for tea;
Your totals knocked up in an innings
Which we could not equal in three.

But little of mowing and rolling
Made ready the wicket we loved,
Yet we feared not the swiftest of bowling,
But hit it unpadded, ungloved.
We laugh at good length-balls deflected
With bats horizontal; we groan
When half-volleys pass wholly neglected,
And long-hops left blandly alone.

Straight bats to straight balls we presented,

Not legs, in defence of our sticks;
The loose ones we were not contented
To look at, we hit them for six.
You think that your bowlers are 'cuter
Than ours, with their leg-breaks and
swerves,
But one deadly old-fashioned "shooter"

Would shatter your stumps and your nerves.

Play the game for itself, as we played it,
And not for the money you make:
Gates, boundaries, records, degrade it;
Your picnics are all a mistake!

Play the game, in a spirit more sporting,
For your side, not yourself, or the Press;

Let onlookers do the reporting,
And think of your average less.

So then when, the last over ended,
You quit your terrestrial sphere,
You haply may find yourself blended
With the true "Band of Brothers" up
here,
Where we play, in the field, at the wicket,

By one common jealousy bound,
For the honour and glory of Cricket,
And "The Asphodel C. C. and Ground."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, July 1.—We open the operatic month with our ever-young favourite the immortal *Don Giovanni*. As good a cast as ordinarily you could wish to see. Mlle. DESTINN is a distinguished *Donna Anna*, and Miss AGNES NICHOLLS is the other fateful person, *Donna Elvira*. Signor CARUSO appears as their melancholy companion, *Don Ottavio*, personally conducting the two injured females. He finds his compensation in the concerted pieces, and in his *Dalla sua pace*, sometimes omitted, but now given with admirable effect, and in *Il mio tesoro*.

Mlle. DONALDA is a sprightly *Zerlina*, and M. GILBERT the traditional old loutish *Mazetto*.

M. JOURNET is as good a *Leporello* as the stupid old traditions of the Opera allow him to be. Was there ever such absurdity as the "business" of the scene where *Leporello* is supposed to disguise himself as *Don Giovanni*, and *Don Giovani* to play the part of *Leporello*? How can it be for one moment possible that a lady, deeply in love with the seductive Don, could ever mistake the low-comic servant for the high-comedy master, especially as the servant makes no sort of attempt at concealing his face, and only a partially successful effort to simulate his master's tone of voice? This traditional stage business is too childish, as also is the pantomimic "thwackings," as GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M., would style them, with which the *Don*, armed with an old property padded stick, belabours *Mazetto*. Why does not stage manager M. ALMAREZ step in and reform it altogether?

The *Don* must evidently have a giant's strength to produce from the strings of his guitar such a *fortissimo* tone as almost to drown his own sweetly-sung melody. The coster's concertina might as well be substituted for the stringed instrument. M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER could rectify this.

Monday, July 3.—The new opera *L'Oracolo*, of which my distinguished Musical and Artistic Deputy expressed his opinion last week, I have now seen on its second performance. I agree with him to a certain extent, but should like to hear it twice before positively asserting that it is only a bizarre work, not for a moment to be placed in the same rank with *Pagliacci* and *Caravella Rusticana*, though here and there, as it seems to me, it is pleasantly reminiscent of both. *L'Oracolo* is a better title than that of the original play, *The Cat and the Cherub*. The word "cherub" is associated with pictures by the old masters representing sacred subjects, and the association of the cruel cat with one of these angelic beings in an irreverent story of, I believe, American origin; so that it was certainly a happy thought on the part of the adapting librettist, bearing the Bulwer-Lyttonish-romanesque name of ZANONI, to substitute for it *The Oracle*. A more fitting title, on the same lines, for the original tragedy, would have been either *The Wolf and the Lambkin*, or *The Fox and the Gosling*. It is not only most effectively placed on the stage, but excellently acted as well as sung. The action is strikingly

dramatic; but, as to the music, except for one duet between *Ah-Joe* Mlle. DONALDA and *San-Lui* M. DALMORES, the opera will not at present be robbed, by me at least, of any of its melodies, as there was not one that, on a first hearing, I could carry away with me.

Signor SCOTTI's villainous *Cim-Fen* was repulsively powerful. M. MARCOUX a calm, dignified and determined *Uin-Sci*. Had the librettist been a trifle more lively he would have changed the names and have called the lover *Win-Shee* and the pretty little Chinese girl (Mlle. DONALDA) should have been *Win-sum-Shee*.

L'Oracolo was preceded by *Orphée*, with same cast as on the previous occasion. Mlle. GERVILLE-RÉACHE was the *Orphée*, and on this her second appearance as the love-lorn musician, or wandering minstrel, made a graceful concession to the necessary masculinity of the character by cutting, not the part, but the tunic, and artistically lessening its length by perhaps an inch or so. Lovely old-world opera is this of GLUCK's, first produced in 1762. The librettist, M. MOLINE, was very tender-hearted. He could not bear the separation of the lovers, and so he introduced Master Cupid, who restores *Euridice* to life, and off go *Orphée* and his bride in a boat, without a return ticket, being bound for Paphos, where, as they have already received a marriage license from Hymen, they may be presumed to have lived happily on love ever afterwards. This of course is not according to the ancient legend which shows the travelling musician ultimately killed by enraged persons who hacked him to bits,—critics, probably,—and threw his head, after he had lost it, into the river. Messrs. GLUCK and MOLINE took a livelier view of the story, and sent away their audience rejoicing in the happiness of the mythical heroine and hero.

Wednesday.—Roméo et Juliette. Mlle. DONALDA as

the sweet *Juliette* sang and acted well. Great applause from appreciative audience. M. DALMORES as *Roméo*, apparently a bit fatigued at first, was a trifle flat, but when "with love's light wings" he had to "o'erperch the wall" and climb up to *Juliette's* balcony, he rose to both occasions and thenceforth sang, as he acted, excellently. Whenever I see this scene of "scaling the walls"—this opera ought never to be out of the bills at *La Scala*,—I am reminded of an absurd couplet that used to be said by the inimitable "Little KEELEY" in a burlesque on *The Alhambra*:

"With love's light wings I did o'erperch these walls,
I fear with serious damage to my smalls."

And I tremble for the trim and tightly-clad figure of the "climbing boy" *Roméo*. Miss E. PARKER is a charming *Stephano*, one of the most brilliant pages in Operatic history, but on this occasion, after beginning well, she unfortunately missed "*Sister Jane's* top note" at the end of her song. The house was applaudingly sympathetic. As *Nurse Gertrude* Mme. PAULIN seemed rather hard, but how can it be otherwise,



REVIVAL OF EURIDICE AT COVENT GARDEN.

Restoration of the popular Boat Service to Paphos. Captain Cupid steering. Only two passengers on board for the honeymoon trip.

Orphée.—Mlle. Gerville-Réache.

Euridice.—Mme. Jeanne Raunay.

for is it not a hard task to be the perfect *remplaçante* of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER? M. JOURNET quite good, as a reverend *Frère Laurent* ought to be. M. DUFRECHE acted and sang well as the quarrelsome *Tybalt*, but the gay, bold, and whimsical *Mercutio* does not seem to be much in M. SEVEILHAC's line. Chorus all that could be desired, scenery ditto, and orchestra under the *MESSAGER* boy perfect. Altogether a good performance.

THE MUSIC PIRATE.

How shall we punish the Pirate bold,
Who's not—like his namesake feared of old—
An ocean-crackerman in feathers and gold,
With a skull-and-crossbones flag unroll'd,
But a wolf around the music-fold,
Who kidnaps people's airs.

Sweet notes, not addressed to him, he'll prig,
Opera, ballad, rag-time, jig;
He burglest composers little and big,
For their keys and bars cares not a fig,
And no musician spares.

May the *tempo accelerando* be
When the law can serve him out, and we
Have got him safe at the Old Bailee,
With Finis writ to his base glee,
And his stolen marches too, and he
His last, last run has scored!

Prepared and resolved such crimes to slay,
His judge, in the grim black cap, will say,
"Pirate, your doom's to be taken away
To your prison cell, and, on such a day,
To be hanged with a Common Chord!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is evident, so my Baronite thinks, that *The Hill* (JOHN MURRAY) would not have been written had *Tom Brown's Schooldays* never been recorded. Mr. VACHELL attempts to do for Harrow what Mr. HUGHES did for Rugby. My Baronite notes a fundamental difference in the achievement. *Tom Brown* and his schoolfellows were live lads of flesh and blood, brain and muscle. Mr. VACHELL's Harrovians are types, puppets elaborately dressed and considerably labelled. The difference may be briefly stated; but it is vital.

In *Edward Fitzgerald*, the latest addition to the Macmillan series of English Men of Letters, Mr. A. C. BENSON has done something more than present a study of the literary work of the adapter of OMAR KHAYYAM. He enables the reader to see and know in the flesh the "lonely, shy, kind-hearted man" whom even CARLYLE, with such capacity in that direction as he possessed, loved. We see him as he lived and worked; a slovenly-dressed man of strange habits, finding in later life a choice companion in POSH, a sailor whose acquaintance he made at Lowestoft. "A gentleman of nature's grandest type," FITZGERALD ecstatically wrote about his man. POSH, alack! was prone to drink more than satisfied OMAR KHAYYAM when he sat beneath his tree in the desert. On one occasion, having made the most of the good things provided at his master's house, he lay full length on the sofa. Another visitor, not of the same type, thought this was going a little too far. "Poor fellow," said FITZGERALD, "look how tired he is!" Here is a vivid word-picture of FITZGERALD himself: "With straggling grey hair, slovenly in dress, wearing an ancient, battered, black-banded, shiny-edged, tall hat, round which he would in windy weather tie a handkerchief to keep

it in its place. His clothes of baggy blue cloth, his trousers short, and his shoes low, exhibiting a length of white or grey stockings. In hot weather walking barefoot with his boots slung to a stick." Such was FITZGERALD at sixty. But the man who translated OMAR KHAYYAM might surely dress as he pleased. My Baronite, having read Mr. BENSON's book, seems to have known in the flesh this half mad, altogether lovable man.

Having endowed the world with a six-volume set of MR. SWINBURNE'S collected poems, MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS propose to add to it the treasure of a corresponding Library edition of his tragedies. The issue will be complete in five volumes, of which the first, containing the "Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," is just out. Of these works there is nothing new to be said. It suffices to note that the new series is as beautifully printed and daintily bound as was its predecessor. The work is affectionately inscribed to DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

CANON SHEEHAN, with his intimate knowledge of Irish peasant life and character, his strong sympathy with their wrongs, his keen appreciation of their humour, writes this novel *Glenanaar* (LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.) not only with an earnestness of purpose that deeply impresses the reader, but with a fascination of style that rivets the attention. Romance though this story may be, it conveys the idea of the personal presence of the author in the scenes he so graphically describes. Romance indeed it is, but Romance founded on historic facts, as were the novels of SIR WALTER SCOTT. Awful is the true story CANON SHEEHAN tells us of the distressful country in the early part of the nineteenth century, when DAN O'CONNELL was "The Liberator" of the Irish people; a time when, as the author says, "it was the Red Terror again transplanted from the Seine to the Lee." It was the hour of the "Approver," of whose black deeds no honest Englishman could approve, and of the False Witness, the temporary triumph of the "Informer," against receiving whose evidence CHIEF JUSTICE O'GRADY carefully warned the Grand Jury. The scenes in Court as here given by CANON SHEEHAN are of absorbing interest and strikingly dramatic. Nothing more powerful in any recent novel has been written than our author's description of the ride for life undertaken by the poor brother of the man about to be put on his trial, and of the bringing back with him of the "Counselor" who was to be victorious over the Solicitor-General and subsequently to indict him, though unsuccessfully, in the House, for suppressing certain facts in the case. The Baron can heartily recommend this moving story to all lovers of good literature, and more especially to those among them who, having no personal knowledge of the Irish in their own country, may be acquainted with only the farcically humorous side of their character as represented in the amusing Anglo-Irish novels of CHARLES LEVER.

THE BARON



Happy Thought.

Husband (*devoted to spouse and Bridge*).—What shall we christen the little dear?

Wife (*still more devoted*).—I've been thinking—why not—*Bridge*?

Husband (*delighted*).—By all means. For luck.